The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

VOL. I. (New Series.) No. 10. OCTOBER, 1903. PRICE, ONE PENNY.

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Notes and Jottings.

There is every prospect that the autumn will be one of severe strain and agitation, which will react in many ways upon our religious work. We are in the thick of a political crisis, and a general election cannot be delayed for long; the education struggle does not lose any of its elements of bitterness; and away in the East is the nameless horror in Macedonia, which we are either too dull or too much preoccupied to feel as we ought. For the moment we seem almost to have lost our power of moral indignation, and are degraded in our own eyes by what we see and do not try to help.

The Passive Resistance movement is far too significant to merit the scorn with which it is treated in some quarters. It can hardly be said, however, to gather force as it proceeds. In spite of much diligent praise of it in a section of the press, it has failed to appeal to the popular imagination, and the victims of distraint have some difficulty in being recognised as martyrs. Quite apart from any opinion which may be held in regard to the wisdom of the movement, this is to be regretted. Public appeals to conscience and willingness to suffer for conscience sake are social forces of such incalculable importance that they should never be allowed to lose their impressiveness.

One important result of the movement against the Education Act has been the proposal made by Mr. Silvester Horne, and endorsed already in many influential quarters, that the approaching General Election should be fought with Free Church candidates from a definitely Nonconformist platform. It is suggested that a large fund for expenses should be raised and a vigorous propaganda started without delay in the constituencies. For many reasons we should deprecate such a movement. An election should be fought upon national policy, and not in favour of sectional interests. The danger of increasing the cleavage and misunderstanding between English Christians would be very great. Above all we should view with real alarm the definite organisation of Nonconformity into a political force. The danger of spiritual deterioration would be very serious, and probably irresistible. Moreover, a movement based upon assistance rather than construction, while it may stir bitter animosities, can hardly create generous enthusiasm. And for the constructive educational policy of the Free Church Council we have still to wait.

The International Meetings at Amsterdam have been an unqualified success, not least in the variety of elements which were brought together and constrained to feel the unity of the Spirit. In the course of some very sympathetic comments upon the proceedings, the *Christian World* writes as follows:—"Considering the strong hold which the Council has

gained in the interest of many groups and individuals in Europe and America not denominationally known as Unitarians—in Holland, for instance, where no Unitarian Church exists—it seems quite likely that before long the denominational name will be dropped from its title by general consent, as a name which, though indicative of its origin, is not needed for its progress. As a matter of fact, members of twenty-one religious denominations participated in the Amsterdam meeting."

With these remarks we find ourselves in cordial agreement, and we hope that a real effort will be made to induce liberal thinkers from the Established Church and the larger Nonconformist bodies to participate actively in subsequent meetings. But they can hardly be expected to recognise it for what it is, an open congress of liberal religious thinkers, so long as in its English department it bears its present name and is so closely identified with a denominational organisation. It should be as inclusive and as non-committal in its attitude as the *Hibbert Journal*, if it is really to help to bring more than a small faction of the religious liberalism of England into cordial co-operation. For this purpose the slight elements of ecclesiastical preference, which have been recognised so far, seem a little undesirable and out of place.

Guild News.

Upon me has fallen the duty and honour of editing this portion of the *Seed Sower*, which is to be devoted to the interests of the Guilds connected with our various churches. My knowledge and experience of Guild work is limited almost entirely to our own Guild at Highgate, which is entering on its fourth year's work this autumn. But in the absence of any other news on this first occasion, I think it may possibly be of interest to describe what we have been doing, and what we hope to do through the coming season at Highgate.

Four excursions were arranged for the summer months. The first had to be abandoned owing to the inclemency of the weather, but the second was highly successful, and was of an especially interesting character. The seven or eight Guilds of the London district have combined into a local union for conferences and mutual encouragement, and our second summer gathering was a stimulating rally of the members of these London Guilds. We met at Hampstead, and after exploring the familiar but never tiring beauties of the neighbourhood, assembled in our newly-decorated schoolroom on Highgate Hill for tea. After this we had some brief but interesting speeches from some of our guests, and other members entertained us with music and recitations. The whole affair was thoroughly enjoyable, and was an encouraging omen of other gatherings of a similar nature

Our new buildings are just completed, and we are looking forward to starting our winter session with renewed vigour. The better accommodation which we now enjoy will tend to increase our membership, and allow of work of greater scope being undertaken. The Guild members will be busily employed the next few weeks in working for the bazaar which will be held in December to aid the Building Fund. A little address of welcome to give to new members and persons likely to be interested in the Guild work has been printed.

Just now I have no doubt that the various committees are busy discussing projects and plans for the coming season, and I shall be glad if ministers and Guild secretaries will send me news for publication under this heading. It has been suggested that we might perhaps have abstracts, if space forbids of more, of papers which have been read at various centres. Some of these are of more or less general and lasting interest, are worthy of a wider audience than the particular Guild for which it was written. Secretaries and others are earnestly invited to co-operate with me in making this matter a success. Communications on this matter should be addressed:

MISS TREMAIN,
57, Cromwell Avenue,
Highgate, London, N ;

and should reach me not later than the 1st of the month for publication the following month.

The Guilds' Union Secretary (Rev. John Ellis) is preparing a circular, which will be sent out in a few days, containing programme of "Prize Essay Competition, 1904." He will be glad to receive intimation on the formation of new Guilds, and to make further additions to the Union. Only Guilds belonging to the Union are entitled to participate in the Prize Essay Scheme.

The Seed Sower.

By post, 1/6 per annum.

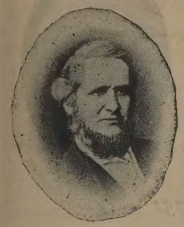
Special terms for churches taking 50 copies and above.

The *Seed Sower* is admirably adapted for localising, and facilities are provided for that purpose. The circulation is already larger than that of any other magazine or journal published to meet the wants of our Free Churches. It gives a larger amount of matter, and every increase in circulation will be used to secure increased efficiency.

All business communications should be addressed to—

MR. ARNOLD WOOD,
WHITEHALL CHAMBERS, COLMORE ROW,
BIRMINGHAM.

October Anniversaries: Voices of the Past.



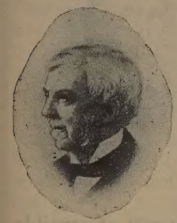
HENRY WILLIAM CROSSKEY. *Died October 1st, 1895.*

"In the search for religious truth:—

1. Do not be content with vagueness of thought.
2. Keep the head cool and the heart calm.
3. Be independent.
4. Do not imagine involuntary errors to be crimes.
5. Pay no heed to the popularity or unpopularity of any opinion.
6. Do not be afraid of being a heretic.
7. Render the Bible its due."

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. *Died October 2nd, 1842.*

"I belong to the Universal Church; nothing shall separate me from it. In saying this, however, I am no enemy to particular churches; and I do not object to the union of several such churches in one denomination, provided that all sectarian and narrow feeling be conscientiously and scrupulously resisted. . . . . We must shun the spirit of sectarianism as from hell. We must shudder at the thought of shutting up God in any denomination. We must think no man the better for belonging to our communion; no man the worse for belonging to another."



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. *Died October 7th, 1894.*

"I love old stories from black-letter volumes and yellow manuscripts, and new projects out of hot brains not yet imbedded in the snows of age. I love the generous impulses of the reformer; but not less does my imagination feed itself upon the old litanies, so often warmed by the human breath upon which they were wafted to heaven that they glow through our frames like our own heart's blood. I hope I love good men and women; I know that they never speak a word to me, even if it be of question or blame, that I do not take pleasantly, if it is expressed with a reasonable amount of human kindness."

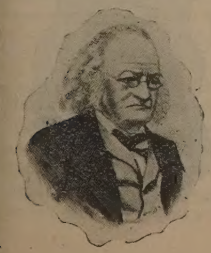
FATHER MATHEW. *Born October 10th, 1790.*

"I was right glad to come to thee, Theobald Mathew, for I expected that thou had good news for me."

"Well, Mr. Martin, I have sent for you to assist me in forming a Temperance Society."

"I knew it: something seemed to tell me that thou wouldst do it at last."

"At that time I could not see my way clearly to take up the question; but I have thought much of it since then, and I think I do see my way now. I have been asked by several good men to take up the cause, and I feel I can no longer refuse. Here goes, in the name of God!"



SIR JOHN BOWRING. *Born October 17th, 1792.*

"I cannot always trace the way
Where Thou, Almighty One, dost move;
But I can always, always say,
That God is love.

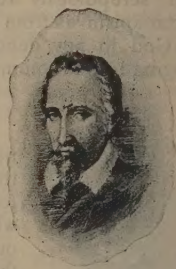
When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love."

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. *Born October 21st, 1772.*

"To find no contradiction in the union of old and new, to contemplate the Ancient of Days with feelings as fresh as if they sprang forth at His own fiat, this characterises the minds that feel the riddle of the world, and may help to unravel it! To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood, to combine the child's sense of wonderment and novelty with the appearances which every day for perhaps forty years has rendered familiar, this is the character and privilege of genius."

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. *Died October 26th, 1751*

"Live while you live," the epicure would say,
"And seize the pleasures of the present day;"
"Live while you live," the sacred preacher cries,
"And give to God each moment as it flies."
Lord, in my view let both united be—
I live in pleasure while I live to Thee.

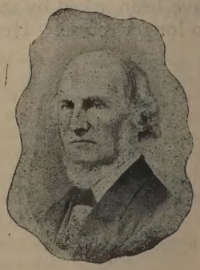


MICHAEL SERVETUS. *Burnt at the Stake, October 27th, 1553.*

"You do unjustly ever; you quote me falsely. I do not say what you charge me with saying. You have not read me aright, neither do you understand me. I corrupt nothing. I play fast and loose with nothing. I make use of the language of those I quote, which you treacherously pervert. There is nothing here that is not true, would you but be willing to understand it. What you mix up and make me say is false. When you have convinced me that I am in error in this, I will not only acknowledge my fault, but kiss the ground under your feet." *(To Calvin.)*

JOHN LOCKE. *Died October 28th, 1704.*

"Since it is the understanding that sets man above the rest of sensible beings, and gives him all the advantage and dominion which he has over them, it is certainly a subject, even for its nobleness, worth our labour to enquire into. The understanding, like the eye, whilst it makes us see and perceive all other things, takes no notice of itself; and it requires art and pains to set it at a distance, and make it its own object. . . . If we can find out how far the understanding can extend its view, how far it has faculties to attain certainty, and in what cases it can only judge and guess, we may learn to content ourselves with what is attainable by us."



WILLIAM BENJAMIN CARPENTER. *Born October 29th, 1813.*

"I claim that all who are earnestly devoted to the cause of scientific truth are true servants of God, though they may not be consciously serving Him; for they are striving to promote that ultimate victory of knowledge over ignorance, of truth over error, of light over darkness, which is the greatest work of science. And it will be through the reflection of that light in Religious thought that the highest influence of Science will be ultimately exerted, by promoting that victory of good over evil, of right over wrong, which will constitute the real Millennium."

Travel Impressions.

By the Editor.

I.

A SUNDAY AT SEA.

After four days of grey and stormy weather, Sunday came, bright with sunshine, turning in an hour all the dull pessimists into radiant optimists. A bright blue sky flecked with snowy clouds, a deep blue sea with purple patches and ten thousand tiny white caps flung up in a kind of exultation by a delightful breeze from the south, and smiles and happiness on the faces of nearly all the passengers in this great caravan of the ocean in which we dwell a few days together. For the first time since starting every one turns up at breakfast, and soon after we repair to the deck for a stroll in the glorious air filled with the wine of life. Presently we flock into the saloon, 300 strong, to join in a shortened form of Morning Prayer, with simple hymns and a simple address, while the sunshine pours itself through the port holes, and the good ship ploughs its way onward, we hear the wash of the waves making a soft accompaniment to the speaker's voice. It is an affecting sight,—folk of many lands, many tongues, many creeds, gathered here in the Mid-Atlantic, and representing almost every condition of human society, from the peerage to the ship's bootblack, a motley company. The centre seats are reserved for such of the crew as can be spared from their duties,—sailors with weather-beaten, corrugated faces, telling of much hardship and many storms, trim officers all in gold lace, smart stewards and stewardesses, and at the head of the table the keen, kindly face of the captain. On either side the passengers crowd in, and for one hour there is no distinction of class. Here are young emigrants from the steerage turning with hope to the new land; here are returning travellers thinking of dear ones awaiting them at home; here are merchant princes, commercial agents, learned professors, musicians on tour, "Jews, Greeks, Romans, Scythians," all joining in an act of simple devotion, and, forgetful for a moment of their differences, unconsciously they give practical expression to the truth that while theologies are many religion is one. But here, freed from some of our stiff proprieties, we are not afraid to let ourselves go in the hymns, and the vigour with which we sing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," is worthy of a Methodist revival. We cannot raise a chant to the "Te Deum," but after the service proper and before the address, a great tenor, who is one of our company, gives us the noble air from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, "Be thou faithful unto death," and to our ears never was it more divinely sung. A memorable service.

The day had its appropriate close. Late in the afternoon there came on one of those sudden changes which only the weather clerk of the Atlantic can account for, and instead of south winds and sunshine we had a squall of wind and rain from the north-west, stinging rain and furious gusts of wind, which drove us all for shelter. Then with sunset the scene changed. Imagine the heavens a huge, dark grey cup, the sea a blue-black platter, and the cup turned over upon the platter, so that we seemed shut in by walls of mystery and gloom. Suddenly from south-west to north-east the cup tilted, and lo! on the far horizon a strip of silver sky with a glittering silver sun, his chin just touching the dark water's edge. As he sank inch by inch his silver changed to gold, while the strip of sky turned to a delicate green above and every shade of orange below, crossed here and there by ribbons and patches of crimson cloud. Presently the green changed to pearly grey, the orange to a soft purple, and the whole west died away into quiet darkness. So we seem to have had a momentary gleam, a gleam of solemn ecstasy, into a diviner world than that of our ordinary days of gloom and care.

II.

BOSTON.

We were told that Boston would be empty in August, and certainly we found three-fourths of the churches closed, and a large number of the more important shops and establishments working on short time during the hot weather. But half-a-million of people are left, crowding the streets and cars, everyone in a hurry, as if the world would not keep going without his immediate personal attention. One of the symbolical things in Boston is the "Quick Lunch Bar," which meets you at every turn in the business quarter, where you can be served with three courses in three minutes, and reckon yourself a little behind-hand if you fail to clear them off in that time. And they say Boston is slow compared with New York and Chicago!

* * * * * * * * *

Boston is a combination of the old-fashioned New England town, with its narrow, crooked streets, quaint wooden buildings and traditions of early settlers, and the modern, up-to-date city, with its broad boulevards, palatial houses, electric trams on every road, and the electric light in every house. Moreover, it boasts that in proportion to its population it is the wealthiest city in the world. It is a better cause of boasting that its wealth is more widely distributed among the people than in any other American city. The signs of wealth are abundant, and in nothing more striking than in the evident well-to-do-ness of the working folk. Its public buildings, State House, offices, colleges, schools, shops, are on the most lavish scale. Take its Free Library only—erected at a cost of nearly half-a-million *sterling*—not dollars—decorated by Abby, Sargeant, and other artists with splendid frescoes, its shelves loaded with a million books, its news-room where you can consult a thousand newspapers from all over the world, and a reading-room second only to that of the British Museum. Of course the question was asked, "What do you think of Boston?" and we could only answer, like the Queen of Sheba when she saw all the glory of Solomon, "There is no breath left in us!"

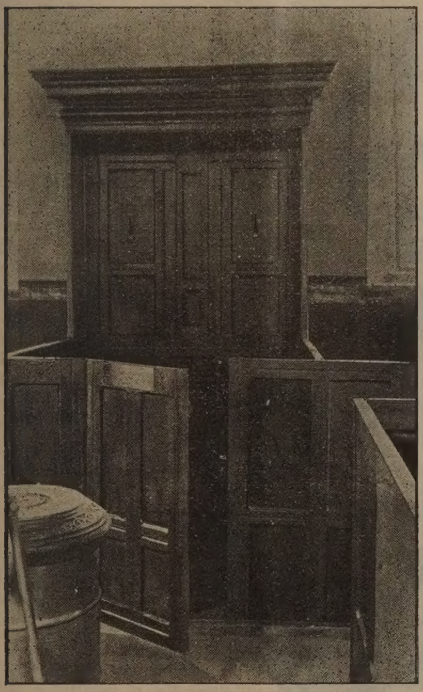
* * * * * * * * *

Boston is immensely proud of its traditions, not without good reasons. Every relic of its history from 1620 is carefully preserved, and during the last few years every care has been taken of its few remaining buildings of any historic interest. One of the most interesting of these is the Old South Church, from whence the citizens one dark night came out disguised as Red Indians to throw the celebrated cargo of tea into the harbour. A new Old South Church has been erected for the congregation, and the original building is now town property, converted into a museum for Puritan and Independence times. The traditions of Boston fall into three groups, Religious, Political, and Intellectual, and these cross each other at various points. The progress of Boston from the Calvinistic Puritanism of the Bradfords, Mathers, and its first settlers, to the Liberal Christianity of Channing and Parker is a story of peculiar interest for all Unitarians. The political traditions of Boston are no less interesting. In the library of the State House we were shown the log of the *Mayflower*, in Governor Bradford's own handwriting, stolen from the Old South Church during the war, and lodged in Fulham Palace, when and by whom no one knows, but discovered there in 1846, and returned by the British Government in 1898 to the State of Massachusets—perhaps the most sacred and valuable of all Boston's treasures. Its intellectual traditions associated with the names of Prescott, Agassiz, Sumner, Longfellow, Motley, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Lowell, Hawthorne, and Harvard University have made Boston for generations the centre of American culture. Indeed, the guide books assure us that Boston is the Stratford-on-Avon and the Weimar combined of the United States! Another and a greater name, that of Emerson, stands apart as prominent in each of these traditional groups. Emerson's grandfather, a Puritan in theology, from the steps of the little Town Hall in Concord addressed "the embattled farmers" who next day "fired the shot heard round the world." Emerson—*the* Emerson—from the same spot addressed the first regiment of Massachusets Volunteers as they marched to the fight for a united kingdom and the abolition of slavery, while his son not long since stood in the same place to address the volunteers going to the Cuban war. The religious and intellectual traditions of the district are still more closely joined with the name of Emerson. His has been the dominating influence in American thought for half-a-century. A visit to Concord is one of the red-letter days of life. There is the Manse where Emerson was born — the Manse of Hawthorne's "Mosses," and where "Nature" was written; there is the church, not the original building although the same site, where his grandfather ministered, and where the first meeting of citizens was held to organise resistance to the British Government; there is the house in which Emerson himself lived, now occupied by his daughter; there is the little lecture hall in which he and others discoursed of all things in heaven and earth; and there is Sleepy Hollow—the Westminster Abbey of America—the cemetery where he was buried, his grave marked by an unhewn block of granite. Hard by are the graves of Hawthorne, Thoreau, and Louisa Alcot. Here also is the famous Concord Bridge, immortalised by Emerson, and here the woodland path he walked day by day in the company of Hawthorne. As we picked a blade of grass from the grave of each we gave thanks to God for the gifts He gave to men by them—gifts by which captivity was taken captive.

J. W.

Our Old Chapels.

No. XVII.—RIVINGTON.



LORD WILLOUGHBY'S PEW.

There are few places in Lancashire of more interest to the visitor than the picturesque township of Rivington. Rivington Pike is a famous landmark, commanding a wide sweep and rising 1500 feet in height. Rivington Hall, at the foot of the hill, has its own ancient story to tell. Rivington Grammar School was founded in Elizabeth's reign by good Bishop Pilkington, the first Protestant Bishop of Durham. Rivington Church is a curious old edifice, with many time-worn tombstones to match. But most picturesque of all is Rivington Chapel, wherein Dissenting Nonconformists have for 200 years worshipped God in free accordance with their conscience. Clothed with clinging ivy leaves, shaded by fine old sheltering trees, lighted through diamond panes, seated with square oak pews, it is a beautiful and simple place for piety and peace.

Right opposite the pulpit is the large pew of the Willoughby family, honoured with a canopy and distinguished by a small brass plate bearing this inscription: —

"THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HUGH LORD
WILLOUGHBY OF PARHAM,
T.R.S., OBIT 1765."

Reared against the wall near the pulpit is a large and elaborate tablet: "In memory of Thomas, 11th Lord Willoughby, of Parham, in Suffolk, of Horwich, Adlington, and Shaw Place, in this county, who died February 28th, 1691, aged 89 years. Also of Eleanor, Lady Willoughby, who died in 1665, aged 67." Then follows a genealogy of this distinguished Willoughby family, and a generous eulogy of Lord Hugh, the 15th Baron Willoughby, who was a scholar, senator, philanthropist, patriot, and adorned every work he undertook.

The old silver communion cups were bartered away by the old clerk one day for bright new ones, the metal of which proved to be base!

A goodly company of ministers, including many honoured names, have preached the Gospel in this old chapel. It has a good library and a Sunday School; also a Chapel House a little higher up the hill. The church and the chapel divide the small population between them. Many years ago the Methodists tried to hold a service on the Green, but Dr. Martineau, who was staying at Rivington Hall at the time, describes the scene and its conclusion: "On one side of the Green was a deal table, from which a field preacher was holding forth with passionate but fruitless energy: for, on the other side, and at the back of the crowd, was the parochial man of God, who had issued from his parsonage armed with the largest tea tray and the hall door key, and was battering the japan in the service of orthodoxy." "The Methody's brass was fairly beaten by the Churchman's tin," and he never came again.

The congregation have recently celebrated their Bi-Centenary and published the record of their celebration in permanent form.* It is a valuable addition to our series of chapel histories, and a copy should certainly find its way into every chapel library.

* "Rivington Chapel Bi-Centenary, 1703-1903. A Souvenir." Ellis and Sons, Chorley.

Noble Women.

No. VII.—JENNY LIND.

BORN 1820. DIED 1887.

There is a sensation, almost as of a fairy tale, in reading the story of the great singer, whose life closed within very recent memory, but who voluntarily left the scene of her greatest triumphs when her popularity was at its highest, more than 50 years ago.

The very sound of the simple, homely name of Jenny Lind seems to put her into a category where she stands apart; and it was the simplicity and purity of her life, even more than her wonderful genius, which endeared her, to an extent that seems quite unique, to all with whom she had any intercourse.

Jenny Lind, whose baptismal names of Johanna Maria were apparently never used, was born at Stockholm in 1820. Her father

was very young at the time of her birth, and was earning a slender livelihood as a clerk, but he had a good voice, and his more congenial pursuit was to take part in the musical festivities at that time greatly in vogue in Sweden, where the songs of the convivial national poet, Bellman, still aroused an unbounded enthusiasm. The consequence, in the case of the Lind family, was that the father was unable to support either wife or child; and the mother, soured and hardened by her troubles, made a living by taking lodgers, and put her baby into the care of a village organist and his wife, some few miles from Stockholm. Here she was left for three years, amid the country influences which all her life were dear to her, being then brought back for a time to her mother's house in the capital. Before long this arrangement, too, came to an end: Fru Lind went to another town to teach, and left the little lonely Jenny with a kindly couple, who kept the lodge at a charitable institution in the city. Here her life seems to have been happy enough; she herself wrote, years after, "As a child I sang with every step I took, and every jump my feet made;" but when she was only nine an incident happened which finally launched her, all alone, on the career of her life. The maid of a dancer at the Royal Opera House, passing the open windows of the lodge, heard day by day a child's sweet voice, and soon told her mistress that she had never heard "such beautiful singing as this little girl sang to her cat." The child was soon, through the kindness of the dancer, taken to the Opera House, where her voice drew tears from the eyes of the old Crœlius, Court Secretary and Singing Master, and Count Pake, the Director. With prompt public spirit, and clear sightedness in the recognition of genius, the Directors of the theatre, which was kept up on the Royal Civil Lists, speedily undertook the entire maintenance and training of the nine-year-old child, —the training, with rare liberality, to include "all such branches of instruction as belong to the education of a cultivated woman."

From this time onward Jenny Lind was entirely enveloped in the atmosphere of the theatrical world; she had a rare gift for acting, and her first actual appearance on the stage was when she was but ten years old. This was the beginning of continuous work, first on the purely dramatic and then on the operatic stage, and from first to last it was one unbroken triumph.

When she was twenty-one, and the whole Swedish nation was at her feet, as it were, in a passionate pride and admiration of her gifts as an actress, a singer, and a woman, she herself was not content, but felt that art, which was as a part of her religion, demanded of her a more perfect expression, even though to gain this might mean starting forth as an exile from her own country, to which she clung with the depth of feeling that was chafacteristic of every impulse of her life.

To Garcia, in Paris, she went, but with a voice, so prematurely worn and strained by constant and excessive work, that the instant verdict of the great teacher was that her coming to him was useless,—"Mademoiselle, vous n'avez plus de voix." The shock was a terrible one, but Jenny Lind's courage, and the conviction that her voice was a gift from God, and that she was capable of greater things and bound to accomplish them, came to the rescue, and Garcia, touched by her distress, promised a second hearing after six weeks of absolute rest. What the result was of that rest, and of the year's teaching that followed it, all the world knows; but a small part only of the preëminence of Jenny Lind as a singer, and none of her greatness as an actress, was due to any instruction: her own genius did almost all. She says in a letter written late in life, "As to the greater part of what I can do in my art, I have myself acquired it by incredible work: it is from Garcia alone that I have learned some few important things. To such a degree had God written within me what I had to study."

After the year in Paris, and a short return home, the Swedish girl, conscious of great gifts, and yet most piteously diffident as to her power of using them, and always hungering with a home-sickness that at times became almost an illness, for the home love and protection she had never known, made her entrance into the great musical world of Europe, and challenged a criticism whose standard was very different from that of the northern capital.

But everywhere the same thing happened: her first agonised nervousness and humility was followed always by the most overwhelming success, which left still the gentle humility untouched but wondering, and the most absolute homage of the people—critics, courtiers, and humble folk alike—was hers in fullest

measure. It is said that if she had not been the greatest singer she would have been the greatest actress in the world, and yet such was, in spite of plainness of feature, her personal charm that a warm friend once declared that she would rather hear Jenny talk than either act or sing.

Her voice was a brilliant and powerful soprano, of two octaves and a sixth in extent; and with a curious veiled and sympathetic quality in some of the middle notes, the G on the fourth line above the stave being her highest note, so that she was able to take all the great soprano rôles; and by the purity of her style and the beauty of the wonderful and always appropriate embellishments which she knew how to introduce, and to execute without any apparent effort, she gave fresh life to familiar music, and an entirely new vitality to the often conventional characters of the operatic stage.

In reading her life,* one of the most striking things is the nature of the friendships which the lonely girl makes for herself. In every town private people offer her hospitality, and the honoured guest speedily becomes the beloved friend of the most delightful hosts: in Royal circles, among musicians and literary people, and in quiet, simple households, she is equally at home; and in reading the letters to and from friends made during these European wanderings we get charming glimpses of the best of Swedish, German, Austrian, and, finally, English society. With Hans Andersen she corresponded in the spirit of the most affectionate cameraderie: in the Bishop of Norwich and his whole family, and especially with the son, so well-known later on as Dean Stanley, she found the truest friends and helpers; but her friendship with Mendelssohn, whose admiration for her knew no bounds, was one of the happiest influences she ever knew, and she had the most implicit and affectionate reliance on his counsel and inspiration.

Both looked upon music as a religion and an ideal; and Mendelssohn said of Jenny Lind in 1846, to their common friend, Mrs. Grote, in London, "She is as great an artist as ever lived, and the greatest I have known."

The soprano music in the "Elijah" was written with the wonderful voice constantly in his mind, and it is said that the many passages in which the upper F♯ occurs with a sort of ringing appeal are due to the fascination which the quality of this particular note in her voice had for him. Mendelssohn never heard her sing the music, for the terms of her contracts with operatic managers were strict and exclusive; and the first time she took part in it was two years after its completion, and ten months after the death of the composer, when she organised a memorable performance of it in Exeter Hall in 1848 for the founding of scholarships in memory of Mendelssohn, which, thanks to her energy, are now established in perpetuity.

It was Mendelssohn who had finally persuaded her to overcome her intense dread of an English audience and the great stage of Her Majesty's Theatre; and for two seasons, in 1848-9, she sang in Grand Opera in London, with an exact repetition of all the scenes of wild enthusiasm which had greeted her abroad. She made long provincial tours after the close of each season, but though the welcome was everywhere the same, and grew, if possible, greater as time went on, her one wish and longing was to leave the operatic stage, with its intense excitement, its excessive physical strain, and the commercial spirit and personal jealousies and intrigues, which she hated with all the force of her nature. She had never made any secret of this determination; but, although her desire for personal wealth was of the smallest, her charities and her plans for the helping of others were on a most liberal scale, and for these she toiled willingly. In ten concerts in the course of 1848 she raised the sum of £10,499 for the benefit of five hospitals and for personal and artistic memorials, but at last the time had come; and when she was only twenty-nine, in spite of the urgent appeals from every capital in Europe, she sang for the last time on any stage, in London, in Meyerbeer's "Roberto il Diavolo," in the part in which she had made her first appearance on that stage only two years before.

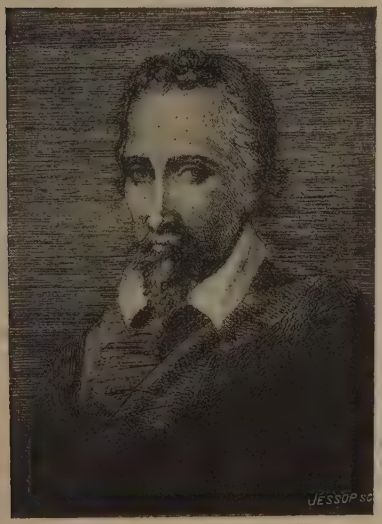
Henceforward her life was devoted to the work she loved,—"I have begun to sing what has long been the wish of my heart—oratorio. There I can sing the music I love, and the words make me feel a better being."

No one has equalled her in the interpretation of this kind of music; and with her husband, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, to whom she was married in the course of an American tour in 1852, she travelled and sang all over Europe, though her home was thenceforward in England; and until as late as 1883 she was still occasionally heard in public, always for some benevolent purpose. She died in her house at Malvern in 1885.

A. M. B.

* "Memoir of Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt," by Canon Scott Holland, M.A., and W. S. Rockstro.

The Servetus Monument.



MICHAEL SERVETUS.

Octooer 27, 1903, will be the 350th anniversary of the day on which Michael Servetus died by burning at the instigation of John Calvin.

A Committee representing the Reformed Protestant Churches of Switzerland and France, deploring this act of intolerance, are desirous of publicly expressing their regret that this crime should have been done, and of seizing the opportunity of this 350th anniversary to affirm most emphatically their steadfast adherence to liberty of conscience. They therefore propose to erect at Champel, as near as possible to the spot where Servetus was burnt, a monumental block of granite, bearing the following inscriptions:—

ON OCTOBER THE 27TH, 1553,
DIED AT THE STAKE AT CHAMPEL,
MICHAEL SERVETUS,
OF VILLENEUVE, D'ARAGON,
BORN SEPTEMBER 29TH, 1511.

REVERENT AND GRATEFUL SONS
OF CALVIN,
OUR GREAT REFORMER,
BUT CONDEMNING
AN ERROR WHICH WAS THAT OF HIS AGE,
AND STEADFASTLY ADHERING
TO LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE
ACCORDING TO THE TRUE PRINCIPLES OF
THE REFORMATION AND OF THE GOSPEL,
WE HAVE ERECTED THIS EXPIATORY
MONUMENT,
ON THE 27TH OCTOBER, 1903.

In view of this act of reparation, it is instructive to read the thirty-eight heads of the charge to which Servetus had replied, but on which he was sentenced.

First: With having between twenty-three and twenty-four years ago, caused to be printed at Hagenau, in Germany, a book against the Holy Trinity, full of blasphemies, to the great scandal of the churches of Germany, the book having been condemned by all their doctors, and he, the writer, forced to fly that country. *Item.* With having, in spite of this, not only persisted in his errors and infected many with them, but with having lately had another book clandestinely printed at Vienne, in Dauphiny, filled with the like heresies and execrable blasphemies against the Holy Trinity, the Son of God, the Baptism of Infants, and other sacred doctrines, the foundations of the Christian religion. *Item.* With having in the said book called all who believe in a Trinity, Tritheists, and even Atheists, and the Trinity itself a dæmon or religion. *Item.* With having in the said book blasphemed horribly, and said that Jesus Christ was not the son of God from all Eternity, but only became so from his Incarnation; that he is not the Son of David according to the flesh, but was created of the substance of God, having received three of his constituent elements from God, and one only from the Virgin Mary, whereby he wickedly proposed to abolish the true and entire humanity of Jesus Christ. *Item.* With declaring the Baptism of Infants to be sorcery and a diabolical invention. *Item.* With having uttered other blasphemies, with which the book in question is full, all alike against the Majesty of God, the Son of God, and the Holy Ghost, to the ruin of many poor souls, betrayed and desolated by such detestable doctrines. *Item.* With having full of malice, entitled the said book, though crammed with heresies against the holy evangelical doctrine, "Christianismi Restitutio — the Restoration of Christianity," the better to deceive and seduce poor ignorant folks, poisoning them all the while they fancied they were sitting in the shadow of sound doctrine. *Item.* With attacking our faith by letters as well as by his book, and saying to one of the ministers of this city that our holy evangelical doctrine is a religion without faith, and indeed without God, we having a Cerberus with three heads for our God. *Item.* For having perfidiously broken and escaped from the prison of Vienne, where he had been confined because of the wicked and abominable opinions confessed in his book. *Item.* For continuing

obstinate in his opinions, not only against the true Christian religion, but, as an arrogant innovator and inventor of heresies against Popery, which led to his being burned in effigy at Vienne, along with five bales of his book. *Item.* And in addition to all of which, being confined in the gaol of this city, he has not ceased maliciously to persist in the aforesaid wicked and detestable errors, attempting to maintain them, with calumnious abuse of all true Christians, faithful followers of the immaculate Christian religion, calling them Tritheists, Atheists, and Sorcerers, in spite of the remonstrances made to him in Germany, as said, and in contempt of the reprehensions and corrections he has received, and the imprisonment he has undergone as well here as elsewhere.

Now, we the Syndics and Judges in criminal cases within this city, having reviewed the process carried on before us, at the instance of our Lieutenant having charge of such cases, against thee, Michael Servetus of Villanova, in the Kingdom of Aragon, in Spain, whereby guided, and by thy voluntary confessions made before us, many times repeated, as well as by thy books produced before us, we decree and determine that thou, Michael Servetus, hast, for a long time, promulgated false and heretical doctrine, and, rejecting all remonstrance and correction, hast maliciously, perversely, and obstinately, continued disseminating and divulging, even by the printing of books, blasphemies against God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, in a word, against the whole foundations of the Christian religion, thereby seeking to create schism and trouble in the Church of God, many souls, members of which have been ruined and lost—horrible and dreadful thing, scandalous and contaminating in thee, thou, having no shame nor horror in setting thyself up in all against the Divine Majesty and the Holy Trinity, and having further taken pains to infect, and given thyself up obstinately to continue infecting the world with thy heresies and stinking heretical poison *(tez heresies et puante poyson hereticale)*—case and crime of heresy grievous and detestable, deserving of severe corporal punishment.

These and other just causes moving us, desiring to purge the Church of God of such infection, and to cut off from it so rotten a member, we, sitting as a Judicial Tribunal in the seat of our ancestors, with the entire assent of the Several Council of the State, and our fellow-citizens, calling on the name of God to deliver true judgment, having the Holy Scriptures before us, and saying: "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, we now pronounce our final sentence, and condemn thee, Michael Servetus, to be bound and taken to Champel, and there, being fastened to a stake, to be burned alive, along with thy books, printed as well as written by thy hand, until thy body be reduced to ashes. So shall thy days end and thou be made an example to others who would do as thou hast done."

The Form of Public Worship.

(Continued).

Other Elements of Expression.

14. The oral part of the service, as a whole, discharges two functions. It sets forth as clearly as may be, for the intellectual apprehension of worshippers, that which they assemble to realise; and it relieves the emotion which attends the realisation. Between these two operations there necessarily enters yet another, to which the verbal liturgy contributes only in a subsidiary degree. This is the most important work of all,—the realisation, itself, of God and of human saintliness. Such a realisation, an actual and vital impression of God upon man's consciousness, is not a task for the unaided intellect; nor can it be achieved by mere cold volition: there enters into it the emotional nature. It is, as we say, by the heart more than by the head that God is known. Were it otherwise, community of worship might be attained by literary means alone. It would be enough for each worshipper to read his manual in the silence of his own chamber. The assembling of ourselves together in one place is in itself an emotional act, and its intention is to evoke and apply emotional aids to worship.

15. We have some passions which never know their own strength, but only disport themselves and trifle, until they are put forth in worship. This is, indeed, but one case of a wider law. No intense emotion can become consummate in solitude: before it reaches its own limit, it jars against the barriers of self, and grows perplexed by a longing to be shared. And what is true of all our passions is capitally true of those which circle about the idea of God. If any of the deep human feelings were at home in loneliness, it would be the feeling of awe; for extreme solitude is in itself awful. Alone in the oasis at midnight,—guarded like a sacred thing from all that is sordid and garish by the wilderness and the night, wrapped in the solemnity of space and silence,—the meanest and dullest soul of mankind would be steeped in awe; though trained by long habit to think basely of himself and all things, this moment would tell him that he had been, his whole life long, a heedless priest of the abiding sanctities. But reverence, in this lonely watcher, would soon

be overborne by oppression. Like the Hebrew of unclean lips, set face to face with Yahweh, his bosom-self would recoil in terror from the sudden stir of strange faculties. His thought would cling to his slumbering beast, his food, his bales, crying out for some common and unclean thing to save him from being thronged by stars. So also one who has seen, on the white central piers of Lichfield, sunlight and moonlight mingle, the one stained by the great west window, the other by the matchless glass of the lady-chapel; or, through an elm coppice just budding,—a mere translucent mist, so thin is that tree, but of the most vivid green in nature,—has seen the sky and the Solent aglow with purples and golden browns, and listened to the song of a nightingale; such an one knows that there is pain in too great gladness. If he closed his eyes, it was not only to renew the vision with a fresh shock of delight,—for memory could not hold all that beauty, even for a moment,—it was to escape the tension of an over-measure of joy, more than one soul could bear. Oh for some other, to feel with me what I feel! Old poets found relief by filling the solitude with bodily life. Pindar saw the wet limbs of Nereids gleam through the waters of the Corinthian Gulf, and Bion, wandering on the mountain, heard the voices of Oreads waiting for Adonis. Shelley and Wordsworth, better prompted, found everywhere the sympathy of one invisible spirit, and called it Nature. The nymphs had their altars; Shelley invokes the Spirit of Beauty in an impassioned hymn; Wordsworth was inspired by the very insufficiency of his lonely joy, the yearnings which it begot in him, to a "song of thanks and praise." Hence appear two truths about the passion of delight in beauty: that it makes for communion, and that it makes for worship. And, as we tell over in our mind the various objects of such joy, we see that the nobler the object,—the more closely related to our moral nature,—the more luminously do those truths appear. There is but one object which evinces them more than does heroic human character; that is, the perfection of God.

16. These emotions are stunted by self: and in lonely worship self cannot be put aside. But these, no less than other emotions, take on not only a higher degree of force but also a different quality when they are shared by a company. This is shewn most signally in war, with its rude incentives and its great musters of men. The soldier is but an ordinary man, neither hero nor dastard: but multiply him into a regiment, and you shall see uncalculating loyalty, reckless courage, panic fear. In times of misgovernment the staid, kindly burgess, embroiled in some civic riot, becomes a frenzied savage. When a great assembly sways, at an orator's will, from laughter to rage, from pathos to a martyr's glow of devotion, how many base spirits, mean and cold, take an unearned share in that sublime excitation? And the power which works in the battalion, the mêlée, the audience, works also in the congregation; it affects the emotions of worship, no less than those of combat, tumult or faction. The ice-wells of self once melted, there can be no redundance in awe, or in the enjoyment of beauty. Those two modes of happiness which the lonely soul can taste only in alternation, activity and rest, blend together in public worship: our liberated powers work out for us a vivacious peace, a fruition of new energy. Awe, delight, love, indulge themselves without limit in God's perfection. This is our highest realisation not only of God, but also of humanity. There is amid all its wonderfulness nothing morbid or hysterical, nothing unrelated to our conscience and its every-day work. One must not say that this state can never be reached in bodily isolation, but in isolation of soul it is impossible. If we would save ourselves by this means, we must first renounce ourself.

17. What, then, are the external aids by which we can quicken this best element in common worship? How can the incalculable force of emotion in a multitude be won into the service of conscience and of the thirst for God? The verbal liturgy will give us some help: not by its intelligible meaning, but by the emotional value of its phrases. We cannot measure the power, over a fine soul, of majestic words, uttering generous thought: and surely no soul, however coarse at first, can live long among them without rising to meet their meaning, and learning to be engaged by their charm. This, however, is but one example of a much wider truth. One of the most effectual aids to the attainment of an emotional communion in worship is the presence, in all its means and concomitants, of sensuous beauty. When Milton recalled, in solemn mood, the joys of united devotion, it

was not to the burden of prayer or lesson that his memory addressed itself; not to the meaning of any words, however sacred; but to

"the high embowëd roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below
In service high and anthem clear,
As may with sweetness through mine ear
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes."

In our classical literature there are few lines better known or more loved than these; they have the power for which Coleridge sighed in Kubla Khan,—their music builds a fane in the air for us, and fills it with worship; and yet, to the dry intellect, they are only a string of sensuous images. E. W. L.

Guild Papers.

ON NOVEL READING.*

In venturing to say a word or two in defence of novel reading, I would, first of all, explain that I hold no brief for that attitude of indiscriminate receptivity which just now characterises so large a section of the reading public. Professor Goldwin Smith has recently told us that "the novel department of the circulating library might almost be called the women's mental saloon;" but, putting aside the question in regard to actual degrees of guilt, we may well admit that in this matter women *and men* are rank offenders. Frankly admitting, however, the truth of much that has been said on the dangers of fictional excess, is it reasonable to condemn entirely a form of literary expression fraught with all those possibilities of good which the novel undoubtedly offers when produced for us by a Scott or a Thackeray, a Hawthorne or a Meredith, a Mrs. Gaskell or a George Eliot? I for one think not, and it is on that supposition that I would put in a plea for the study of fiction as represented in its higher and more enduring examples.

And, first of all, it ought to be noted that each reader has to find his (or her) own level. One cannot decide by any preconceived canons of criticism whether a reader will derive the fuller enjoyment from what is termed a psychological novel—with its careful tracking of human motive, or from the historical novel—with its vivid suggestion of spectacular effect, or from the novel of adventure pure and simple. Be our tastes as widely catholic as they may, yet I suppose most of us have some penchant or preferential leaning, according to which we on the whole choose *this* and not *that* particular type of fiction. Again, the enjoyment of a novel is, to a large extent, dependent on the *particular mood* of the reader. Few of us can have escaped that experience of disappointment, if not apathy, which sometimes is the lot of one reading a reputed masterpiece for the first time; maybe we have struggled on conscientiously, hoping against hope that a gleam of sunshine might burst at length upon our weary way, that *so* our self-complacency as "persons of taste" might be restored! But true appreciation does not come after the manner of this "forcing" process, and it is better to bide our opportunity.

Perhaps I may best illustrate the lines of my defence by taking one or two of the principal objections which have been made against novels and novel readers:

(1) It is sometimes said that, life being short and the treasures of more serious literature so vast, it will be well for the student (and even for the earnest-minded general reader) to exclude fiction altogether. If I remember aright, Mr. Herbert Spencer has confessed to an absolute ignorance of works of imagination; so absorbed has the philosopher been in his task of working out that "Synthetic" system with which his name is identified, that neither fiction nor poetry would appear to have had any place in his mental development. Can it be that any man—be he scientist, or theologian, or what you will—is not the poorer for such a gap in his literary experience as that just mentioned? We are not here concerned with *poetry* proper—that spacious realm of spiritual imagination—but let me urge, on behalf of such novels as Thackeray's *Newcomes*, Dickens' *David Copperfield*, George Eliot's *Adam Bede*, Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, Scott's *Quentin Durward*, Meredith's *Beauchamp's Career*, Reade's *Cloister and the Hearth* (to pick out a few masterpieces at random), that they *educate* us in an almost Shakespearean sense; we are struck, in reading them, with the depth and fulness of life—its pathos, its ironies, its pettiness, and (thank God) its grandeur. With-

* A Paper read before the Essex Church Guild.

out wishing to unduly exalt the power of fiction, I do not hesitate to claim for such works as these a place in the library of any man or woman who wishes to gain a true *Philosophy of Life*. There are times, no doubt, when Hegel and Kant demand us more than Scott and Thackeray; in that pursuit of wisdom which we see exemplified in the life of a James Martineau, there may be long periods during which the novel has no claim, but, even so, I would maintain that any really great novel which, like *Adam Bede*, shows the working-out of universal principles, is well worthy of the thinker's careful perusal in the intervals between his arduous studies.

(2) "Why read a novel when you can see *Life itself?* Truth is stranger than fiction." But *can* we "see life"—you and I? Do we not too often glide through our days without any perception of the "piece" which is being played on this world-stage? The same events may strike both the wise man and the fool—in the one case they are added *experience*, in the other mere disjointed happenings. Not all of us are wise enough to "see life whole!" A novel may do this for us—it may set us thinking (to employ common parlance). The experiences of Clive and Ethel Newcome, of David Copperfield, of Gerard Eliassoen, of Nevil Beauchamp are not your and my experiences, but they are often parallel with these. Many a man who has demurred to the condemnation of friends has, I doubt not, learnt to judge himself more truly in the light of some great fiction type.

(3) But, after all, it may be objected finally, the novel is at its best a mere *relaxation*—it falls into the second-rate and the tedious when it attempts anything more than this. The realistic novel, the novel with a purpose, the religious or theological novel—all these, if not actually stupid, fail in that which is the chief end of fiction. But I do not think this objection is as formidable as many would have us believe. How many folk—the victims of sickness or of that mental "worry" which is so common in these days of high tension—have to thank writers like Scott and Dickens for hours of solace and enjoyment. Such an achievement would, in itself, go far to justify the existence of the novel, but, when we add to this its power of *actual stimulation* (take *The Heart of Midlothian* as an instance), we shall not hesitate, I think, to include its producer among the real benefactors of the human race. As to the "realistic" novel, this is not the place to weigh its merits, or to consider the true relations between "realism" and "romance." Of the roundly-abused "novel with a purpose" I cannot speak, except to ask about one of its most successful examples. If we thank the poet for his *Song of the Shirt*, may we not also thank the novelist for his *All Sorts and Conditions of Men?*

Lastly, we come to the "theological novel," so often associated with flagrant one-sidedness and want of humour. Speaking of this type *generally*, I fear we must admit that it lacks both interest and moral force. There are, however, exceptions to this rule, and I would give as one of these *Robert Elsmere*. It used to be asked, "How could Mrs. Ward expect to overturn the creed of Christendom by a novel?" The critics who put such a question must have had a very poor conception of Mrs. Ward's powers of thought! I well remember (if I may be allowed to introduce for a moment the personal note) how deeply this particular book affected me—not as forming my view on the great questions of theology (I did not go to it for that)—but as helping me to realise the struggle then existing in my own mind. And, unless I am mistaken, it was just here that *Robert Elsmere* attained its primary object—to reflect, as in a mirror, the religious ferment of the time. For the student this novel will always have a special historical interest; it will help him to understand religious developments in the eighties of the 19th century.

Having glanced at certain outstanding objections, it remains only to emphasise my main contention. Deploring as much as anyone the enormous evil consequent on the "latest novel" scramble at the circulating library, I strongly uphold the practice of reading, from time to time, *recognised* examples of fiction; the mass of men and women cannot afford to run after novels which have not attained this "recognised" standard.

I have given my own small apology for the novel; let me, as a concluding word, quote one who has a manifest right to be heard on the subject, seeing that hers is one of the most honoured names in the whole range of fiction. Seizing on the oft-used phrase, "Only a novel," Jane Austen amplifies it (in *Northanger Abbey*) as follows: — "Only *Cecilia*, or *Camilla*, or *Belinda*; or, in short, only some work in which the greatest powers of the mind are displayed; in which the most thorough knowledge of human nature, the happiest delineation of its varieties, the liveliest effusions of wit and humour, are conveyed to the world in the best chosen language."

JONATHAN NIELD.

News from the Field.

We regret to begin our brief record for the month by announcing the resignation of the *Rev. R. C. Dendy*, of *Plymouth*, whose health has seriously broken down, and who is absolutely forbidden all work for the present. A time of rest will, we hope, enable him to take some new post of usefulness.

Among the ministerial changes since our last issue are the acceptance of a call to *Warrington* by the *Rev. C. Harvey Cook*, and of a call to *Guildford* by the *Rev. E. Rattenbury Hodges*. Both gentlemen have our good wishes.

We understand that services, with more or less regularity, have been held during the summer (?) months at *Windermere* and *Colwyn Bay*, but we have no precise information as to their success or otherwise. Such services ought certainly to be held in all the places where the holiday people gather. Who can tell what good may result from such sporadic efforts?

The *Rev. H. S. Perris* went on with his out-door Sunday evening services in the London Parks as long as the weather would allow him, and he reports that these were sufficiently encouraging to make him feel that during summer Sunday evenings he could do more good in the open-air than within the four walls of his chapel. His example is worth following elsewhere.

The principal financial results announced since our last issue are the raising of £102 by a bazaar at *Trebanos*, South Wales, and the bequest by *Mr. Brocklehurst* of £1400 to *King Edward Street Chapel, Macclesfield*. The friends at *Trebanos* still need £200 before they have cleared off their debt. We hope friends will haste to help.

The *Rev. Henry Williamson*, of *Dundee*, after a long absence in the *United States*, where he has been making the acquaintance of many of our churches there, has returned to his ministry in *Dundee*, and has received a warm welcome from his attached congregation.

Death has been busy among us, as usual. During the month we have to record that two devoted ministers, the *Rev. C. H. Wellbeloved*, of *Southport*, and the *Rev. James Hall*, of *Crumlin*, have passed from our midst. *Mr. Wellbeloved* has been a faithful and unpretentious worker for many years, and has left a clean and sweet record behind him. He will be greatly missed, and his loss will be much deplored. *Mr. Hall* was only in the ripeness of his years, and might reasonably have looked for a longer period of work; but the summons came and the toiler had to rest. He was an amiable and worthy man, and won many friends by his quiet and unostentatious virtues. Our losses have extended also to our laymen. Two venerable and worthy men, after lives of protracted usefulness and marked generosity, not only to our churches but to many beneficent institutions, have left our ranks and passed to the higher life. Their names are held in honour. *Mr. James Trench*, of *Northampton*, and *Mr. Herbert Thomas*, of *Bristol*, will long be remembered for their honourable and useful lives. With *Longfellow*, we can thank God "that such as these have lived and died."

The great event of the month has been the "International" gathering "of Unitarian and other religious thinkers and workers" in *Amsterdam*. The first of these gatherings was held in *London* two years ago, and commanded great attention among religious men and women in many parts of the world, but it was an experiment, and no one was sure that it would have any successor. But *Amsterdam* opened its hospitable arms, and a welcome was offered to all who would come. A year ago, while the soreness caused by our doings in South Africa was intense, Holland could hardly have welcomed so many Englishmen as responded to their appeal this year. But time is a great healer, and, besides, there was a general feeling that those who came this year came in heartiest goodwill and with a fine appreciation of the grand things that Holland has done for liberty and the progress of mankind. So the welcome was of the heartiest. About two hundred English Unitarians, nearly fifty Americans, and groups of representatives in smaller numbers from sixteen or more nationalities, came together and were enfolded in the warm welcome from hundreds, if not thousands, of loyal, religious Hollanders, who, in their churches, halls, and homes, made all their visitors feel how cordial was the love which binds brave thinkers and workers together, even though they come from the remotest corners of the world. The gathering was a grand testimony of brotherhood, and a demonstration that, under different names and flags, the army of Liberal Thinkers in all parts are marching together for the establishment of God's Kingdom on earth.

Evidently this friendly Council is come to stay. It will grow into something greater, and become a Council of all religious thinkers, and, perhaps, a Parliament of the world. The next meeting is to be held two years hence in *Switzerland*.

The *British and Foreign Unitarian Association* is soon to enter upon its active missionary campaign in various parts of the country. We hope it may stir the minds and consciences of many, and cause a good deal of righteousness to abound.

SCRUTATOR.

September 18th, 1903.

It is true that love cannot be forced, that it cannot be made to order, that we cannot love because we ought or even because we want. But we can bring ourselves into the presence of the lovable; we can enter into friendship through the door of discipleship; we can learn love through service.—HUGH BLACK.

The Midland Educational Company, Limited, Birmingham.